Were red hotte steele to sear me to the braine,
Annoynted let me with deadly poyson,
And die, ere men can say, God saue the Queene.
Qu. Alas poore soule, I enuie not thy glory,
To feede my humor, wish thy selfe no harme.
Dut.Glo. No, when he that is my husband now,
Came to me as I followed Henries course,
When scarce the blood was well washt from his hands, *the blood was scarce*
Which issued from my other angel husband,
And that dead saint, which then I weeping followed,
O, when I say, I lookt on Richards face,
This was my wish, be thou quoth I accurst,
For making me so yong, so old a widow.
And when thou wedst, let sorrow haunt thy bed,
And be thy wife, if any be so badde
As miserable by the death of thee,
As thou hast made me by my deare Lords death,
Loe, euen I can repeate this curse againe,
Euen in so short a space, my womans heart
Crosly grew captiue to his hony words,
And prou'd the subiects of my owne soules curse,
Which euer since hath kept my eyes from steepe,
For neuer yet, one houre in his bed,
Haue I enioyed the golden deaw of sleepe,
But haue bene waked by his timerous dreames,
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwicke,
And will shortly be rid of me.
Qu. Alas poore soule, I pittie thy complaints.
Dut.Glo. No more thē from my soule I mourne for yours.
Qu. Farewell, thou wofull welcomer of glorie.
Dut.Glo. A due poore soule, thou takst thy leaue of it.
Du Yor. Go thou to Richmōd, & good fortune guide thee,
Go thou to Richard, and good Angels guard thee,
Go thou to sanctuarie, good thoughts possesse thee,
I to my graue where peace and rest lie with me,
Eightie olde yeares of sorrow haue I seene,
And each houres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.